

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A German who made fun of Bismarck's whiskers was sent to jail for three months.

Every penny of the vast debt which bore down the city of Glasgow bank four years ago has been paid, amounting to \$55,000,000.

The Russian author, Tchernichewsky, who has been a convict in Siberia for eighteen years, is at liberty, the Czar having granted the prayer of the International Society of Letter to that effect.

Madagascar is rather larger than France. A belt of almost virgin forest runs around the island. The population is about 4,000,000, and the soil will easily support 30,000,000. India rubber is a principal export. The mineral wealth is enormous.

When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell and stone. When they saw iron nails they fancied them to be seeds of some very hard wood, and desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

In Italy, when the country men and women dance together, the first thing they do is to toss off their shoes, if they wear any. A man does not go up to a girl and ask if she will dance, but he fixes his eye upon her from a distance and nods. She nods in return, and then both kick off their shoes and advance toward each other and begin to dance.

A shocking tragedy occurred at the village of Schenewalde, near Konigsberg. One night a woman of that place, in a fit of insanity, threw her three children into a deep well at the back of her dwelling-house. She then went to the outbuilding and afterward leaped into the well, from which next morning four corpses were taken out.

Mr. Fawcett, the present Postmaster-General of England, was one night dining with a small party of political friends, including Sir C. Dilke, at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, when the manager appeared and requested them to leave. Mr. Fawcett, being disinclined to move, somewhat indignantly asked the reason why.

"Well, sir," the answer, "you gentlemen make the laws, and as they compel me to close my establishment at 11 o'clock, I have no alternative but to ask you to go."

A young English Lord who had been living in Paris a couple of years in great style was observed by his friends to choose for his daily constitutional the doleful surroundings of the great cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, or some one of the smaller suburban cemeteries. His friends rallied him on his inglorious tastes, and inquired if he was posing for effect, as in Young's Night Thoughts.

To which the young Englishman replied frankly: "Not at all; but the cemeteries are the only places, where up to the present time, I owe nothing."

The burglars who broke into a house in Belgium were discovered in a peculiar manner. It was remarked by the occupants of the house that several bottles of mineral water had been drunk by the marauders. One day the police heard that some men of more than doubtful character had, while drinking in a public house, expressed their disgust at the meanness of rich people who from avarice kept in their cellars wine so bad that it made ill all who drank it.

The men were closely questioned, and confessed that they were the robbers. They had mistaken the mineral water for white wine—a mistake for which they paid dearly in no way than one.

The Modified Instincts of a Blind Cat.

The family favorite whose misfortunes have afforded an opportunity to observe the workings of instinct under difficulties is a noble specimen of the genus *Felis*. He is a cat—given for simple company, without regard to gender. During the four years of his life he has never been known to do anything wrong, unless it be to fight most desperately against all feline intruders. In some one of his many encounters, Dido met with an injury in one of his feet that made a surgical operation necessary, from which he recovered, but shortly afterward went totally blind.

A catamit was formed over each eye, by which, as repeated experiments proved, vision was thoroughly obscured. This calamity came on suddenly, and placed the cat in circumstances not provided for by the ordinary gifts of instinct. What to do with himself was plainly a problem hard to be solved.

He would sit down most preciously, as if, by bending his condition, and when he attempted to move about, he met with all the mishaps that the reader will be likely to imagine. He ran against walls, fell down stairs, stumbled over sticks, and when once on the top rail of the fence he would traverse its entire length seeking in vain for a safe jumping-off place. On being called, he would run about bewildered, as if not knowing whence the voice came nor whether he should go to find the one calling. In short, Dido's life seemed hardly worth living, and we were seriously plotting his death, when the cat himself clearly concluded that he must make his other senses atone for the loss of sight.

It was very curious to watch his experiments. One of the first of these was concerning the art of going down stairs. Instead of pawing the air, as he had been doing on reaching the top step, he went to one side till he felt the banisters touch his whiskers, and then, guided thus, he would descend safely and at full speed, turning into the hall on gaining the last step. One by one he made each familiar path a study, determined the exact position of each door, explored anew all his own haunts, and seemed bravely resolved to begin life over again. The result was so unexpectedly successful that we were deceived into the notion that sight had been restored. But by placing any obstacle in the path, and then calling him eagerly to his customary feeding place, it was evident that he was entirely blind, for he would run with full force against the box or other obstruction, and then, for time afterward, he would proceed with renewed caution.

Dido's "voice is still for war," and his blindness does not make him any less successful in his duels with intruders. He even goes through in quest

## OF ADVENTURES, AND COMES SAFELY HOME AGAIN.

His value as a mouse does not seem to be in the least diminished. One of my experiments as to his capacity in this direction came near costing me dear. I had heard the gnawing of a rat in an old closet where there lay a quantity of newspapers. Here it was decided to leave Dido over night, and while arranging the papers for the purpose, my hand was suddenly caught by the claws and teeth of what at the moment seemed like a small tiger. Poor Dido! He really looked ashamed of his blunder in mistaking my hand for his anticipated victim. Fortunately the papers served as a shield, or the injury inflicted might have been more serious. I may add that, on opening the closet the next morning, there was Dido mounting guard over a slain rat as big as ever spoiled good provisions or tried a housekeeper's temper.

It is well known that the house-cat will find its way back from distant places to which it has been carried blindfolded, and how it performs such feats naturalists have never satisfactorily explained. The theory accepted by some of them is that the animal takes note of the successive odors encountered on the way, that these leave as distinct a series of images as those we should receive by the sense of sight, and that, by taking them in the inverse order from that in which they were received, he traces his homeward route.

But, in the cat now described, the sense of smell is by no means acute, as has been proved by a variety of methods; and, moreover, although, as one might say, perpetually blindfolded, he quite uniformly chooses the shortest road home, without reference to the path he may have taken on leaving the house. Curious to see how far this homing instinct would extend, I took advantage of a fall of snow that wrapped under its mantle every familiar object, concealed all the paths, and deadened every odor and sound. Taking Dido to a considerable distance from the house, and making a number of turns to bewilder him, I tossed him upon a drift and quietly awaited results. The poor creature turned his sightless orbs this way and that, and mewed piteously for help. Finding, at length, that he was thrown entirely on his own resources, he stood motionless for about one minute, and then, to my amazement, he went directly through the untrodden snow to the house door—which, it is needless to add, was promptly opened for the shivering martyr to scientific investigation, to whom consolation was forthwith offered in a brimming bowl of milk.

My conclusion, therefore, is that Wallace's ingenious theory of accounting for orientation by what he calls "brain registration," will not explain what has been described; but that the mysterious homing faculty is probably independent of such methods of gaining knowledge as have been ordinarily observed, and is analogous to the migratory instinct controlling the long flights of some species of birds.—H. C. Horey, in *Scientific American*.

## CARRYING CURRENCY.

Very few people know the inside history of Bristow's fight with the express companies when he was Secretary of the Treasury. The express companies made what Mr. Bristow thought were exorbitant charges for carrying currency to the great distributing point of the New York Sub-Treasury. He told the companies that a lower rate must be conceded or he would take the business away from them. The companies were defiant. This is the way the express companies were circumvented. The Secretary selected a trusty special agent of the Treasury, who simply put the currency in a valise and went over to New York as an ordinary seaman on the night train. Thomas Cavanaugh, the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms under the gallant Colonel Hooker in the House, was the special agent selected for this work. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, manly-looking specimen of humanity. His square, resolute, sun-browned face is accentuated by a crisp, curling mustache, completely hiding his mouth. His straight nose, clear blue eyes, and square jaws stand out in a face remarkable for its combination of good nature and iron resolution. Mr. Cavanaugh used to get out from the office of the Secretary of the Treasury after night with a valise simply stuffed with Government currency.

One night he had in his bag \$750,000 in greenbacks. Every dollar ever entrusted to him was safely carried. Not a penny was ever lost. His pay from the Treasury was his regular one, eight dollars per day and his traveling expenses. He gave no bonds for this work, as the law recognized no such way of carrying such funds. The Secretary had absolutely no protection beyond Cavanaugh's individual honor. If he had run away with an odd million at any time, he could not have been prosecuted for more than a breach of trust. In the carrying of this money, Cavanaugh carried more than his life in his hands. If it were suspected that he was carrying such sums over in a section of a New York sleeper, as an ordinary passenger, he would certainly have been attacked. If he had been robbed, nothing but his death in defending his trust could have saved him from the scandal of being classed by many as a guilty participant in the robbery. Toward the last Cavanaugh became very nervous. He used to start out with his money in one hand and a revolver in another, hidden in the pocket of his great coat. A close coupe took him down the avenue. In the sleeping-car, toward the last, he slept but little. Some one was always reaching across his gashed throat for the money placed in his trust. It was a great relief when the dreadful responsibility came to an end and he was able to go back to his ordinary duties. To-day Cavanaugh is again carrying Government money. He is the official who takes from the Treasury the money placed in the business office of the Sergeant-at-Arms' office, where the members are paid.—Washington Cor. *Cincinnati Commercial*.

## THE GROWERS OF THE FINE FLOWERS WHICH STOCK THE NEW YORK WINTER MARKET ARE MOST OF THEM WELL EDUCATED SCOTCHMEN OR ENGLISHMEN, MANY OF WHOM HAVE BROUGHT THEIR BUSINESS TO A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE.

of adventures, and comes safely home again.

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## PITH AND POINT.

—When a newspaper announces that "now is the time to subscribe," and no one comes forward to do so, the editor must have a profound contempt for Time.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—Mrs. Labourer tells a correspondent that Mrs. Langtry is thirty-nine years old. There is no doubt now that these two women are completely estranged.—*Rochester Chronicle*.

—Mrs. Langtry now says she never reads the newspapers. This is very agonizing to the amusement editor who has been doing his best; but it leads to the thought that she will make a good jurymen.—*N. O. Picayune*.

—A fall during a high flight: "Gentlemen of the jury," was the impassioned prerogative of a lawyer in a city court a few days ago. "God knows my client is innocent, and what is more to the purpose, I know it!"—*N. Y. Mail*.

—Samuel Gerson, of New York, lit a cigar, smoked it a few minutes, and then went out and hung himself with the cigar still between his teeth. That cigar must have been one of the kind that people give editors.—*Philadelphia News*.

—Miss Emily Faithful says it is a mistake to regard women as mere machines. Emily is correct. No machine has yet been invented that can buy a \$15 hat for \$11.37, and have a chromo of Washington crossing the Delaware thrown in.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Since the men have a Venus the lady theater-goers want an Adonis on the stage, says the Boston Globe. Thereupon the Philadelphia News says: "But the Adonises won't go upon the stage. They prefer to stick to their newspaper work. This is official."

—A couple of New York Chinamen are about to embark in the sausage business, and the city authorities think of abandoning the "pound" and employing no more dog-catchers. It is hoped the Chinese sausage will not get mixed up with the American variety, because it would be difficult to distinguish one from the other.—*Burlington Hawk*.

—Looking for the comet, were you? "scornfully exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat. Julia heard her mother's foot steps, but not in time to withdraw her cheek unobserved from young Mr. Mortimer Pierce's vest. "Yes," responded Julia, not knowing exactly what she said. "And did you think you could find it in Mr. Pierce's waistcoat-pocket?" Julia was silent. At her time of life she could not be expected to answer such a question. It is often a great disadvantage to be young.—*Doston Transcript*.

—A young man of this city who was invited by his mother to lug up a hod of coal from the cellar, offered an amendment, striking out himself and substituting therefore his father, stating as his reasons that he had just returned from a seven days' vacation, and that it was a well-known proposition, laid down by Greenleaf's arithmetic, that seven days make one week. The arithmetic was overwhelmingly voted down, and the original motion prevailed by a solid vote on both sides of the house.—*Rockland Courier*.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—There are fifty-one complete rolling-mills, and two in process of construction, at Pittsburgh.

—A man in Boston has invented a stone-cutting machine which can do the work of six-four men.—*Poston Post*.

—Two years ago there were but seven cotton mills in the Dominion; now there are twenty-one, with an aggregate capital of \$3,600,000.

—A New York photographer has patented a device by which the deep shadows accompany the electric light are avoided, thus permitting pictures to be taken at night as well as by day.

—The Shaw locomotive, as tested by a committee of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, indicated a speed of seventy-five miles per hour. It has been announced heretofore that the machine had attained a speed of 102 1-2 miles in sixty minutes.

—A lock without a key, and which can be opened from the outside as well as the inside by a person knowing how, is the invention of two Lexington men. Let one who does not know the combination attempt to open the door and an alarm results, which will awaken the household.

—Certain kinds of wood of great durability when used alone, have, when joined together, a very destructive influence upon each other. If cypress is joined to walnut, or if cedar is joined to cypress, decay is induced in both woods, which ceases, however, as soon as they are separated.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—Several lumbermen in Wisconsin have established farms in the vicinity of their logging camps. They raise potatoes, garden vegetables of all kinds, and considerable hay. The men who tend the farms during the summer are engaged in cutting or hauling logs in the winter.

—M. Faye, the French astronomer, supplies the public with an ingenious reason for the abnormal quantity of rain that has fallen of late in Europe. He says it is owing to innumerable comets that have traversed our system this year, and, by absorbing the solar rays, have set free an unusual quantity of water.

—It is learned at the Bureau of Statistics that the importation of Sumatran tobacco into this country has increased from thirty-eight pounds in 1880 to 783,763 pounds in 1882. The tobacco-raising citizens of Connecticut are very much exercised over this state of affairs, and have addressed several communications to the Treasury Department on the subject.

—The inconvenience and danger arising from the use of emery wheels—such as the inhaling of the dust, as well as the particles of metal cut from the pieces being operated upon, and not less the injury to the eyes from the presence of the foreign substances—have led to the adoption of some ingenious protective devices. In Germany, masks are made of mica, that entirely cover the face, and from which an air tube carried around between the shoulders, where it is provided with a mouthpiece filled with saturated sponge, through which the air supply is drawn; the mica is of course transparent, and not easily broken.

## Our Young Folks.

### THE TRUSTFUL SPARROW.

"This crumb is mine," said Sparrow Gray, "the only one I've had to-day, and I should be asilly bird. To give you half, or even third; but I don't want to share with snow and may be weeks for aught I know."

"If 'tis," replied the younger bird, "I'll tell you what I've heard: I heard some little children say, 'If that great house across the way, how they should scatter crumbs of bread, that every bird might be well fed, till all the ice and snow were gone; so cheer up, Gray, don't look forlorn: I'd rather gaze on miles of snow than see a bird with looks of woe.'"

"You simple!" twittered Sparrow Gray, "no matter whether foul or fair, it's 'chirp, chirp, chirp' without a care. But I don't think you'll without a care. I hope you haven't been misled; but time will tell. Good-day, good-day, and I'll be off to see a bird with looks of woe."

The little bird was left alone.—The snow was still falling, half-grown; the cold winds soon began to blow; no shelter offered, no roof low; but mindful of the promised crumbs, to the great house at length he comes, a little shivering, hungry bird.

Then to the window where he heard the children's voices, straight he flies, and with his chirping Sparrow-cry, soon brought them the long list of his side. Then up he came, they opened wide, strewn thick with crumbs the sheltered sill. And chirping softly he said to say, "I thank you, thank you," flew away.

Dear little children! dear wee bird! could we but heed the promised Word of One who keeps both great and small, and notes a single sparrow's fall.—Elizabeth A. Davis, in *Harper's Young People*.

### A BOY'S LECTURE ON KNIVES.

[Reported for the "Wide Awake," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz.]

The second of the John Spicer Course of Lectures took place yesterday afternoon in Barn Hall, and was listened to with attention, though there was some disorder among the audience as they entered the hall. Superintendent Dick entered the assemblage that Mr. John Spicer was waiting to have a hole in his trousers leg sewed up, and would be presently. At this moment Mr. John Spicer appeared and was greeted by the audience with that prolonged clapping sometimes called applause. Mr. Spicer bowed to the audience and began as follows, and was heard to the end with quiet attention:

Ladies and Gentlemen: My subject is Knives. There are two kinds of knives. I will mention them: eating knives and jackknives. You must not put eating knives in your mouth. You can a jackknife, because then you do not have any fork. I mean when you are eating raw sweet potatoes, or raw turnips, or any raw things outdoors. You can do nine-tenths things with a jackknife. I will mention them: whittle, sharpen pencils, clip off finger nails and thumb ones, play multi-pie, cut knots, punch holes, shock out clams and oysters, clean fishes, cut your name on anything, eat apples and pumpkin seeds and other things, make whistles, when it on a whistle, cut your fingers with it, break it, swap it, lose it, find it, lend it, give it away. Every fellow that has a jackknife ought to give it right back again. (Applause.) I don't mean before he's done with it. (Applause.) A jackknife is made of two parts. I will mention them. The handle and the blade. You can have a knife with six blades if anybody will give you one. (Applause.) Your father and mother hardly ever give you a six-bladed. They do not think it is best. Some little fellows have numb jackknives. Numb jackknives are made not to cut. Numb jackknives are good for little fellows to have. My little brother's got a numb jackknife. Jackknives are very easy to lose. A fellow most always loses his knife. He feels very sorry when he first finds out he can't find his knife. He does not believe that knife is lost. He keeps feeling in his pocket, for he believes it is there somewhere, under his ball, or his jews'arp, or his pocket handkerchief, or 'mongst the crumblies. Then he begins and he empties out all these things, and turns his pocket inside out, and shakes it, and yet the knife shakes his trousers leg, and pokes down on the floor, and puts them all in a can, and then he begins to hunt. I know some verses about losing a jackknife. I will mention one:

When a boy gets a shining new knife,  
On a jubilant boy is he;  
Capering, dancing, prancing; chattering,  
Laughing, shouting, and all the while;  
All so joyfully, high did he;  
When he loses that shining new knife,  
On a sorrowful boy is he;  
Hunting, groping; whining, sighing,  
Moping,  
All so dolefully, oh dear me!

One day I lost my knife somewhere in the house, and I hunted for it in ninety-seven places. I will mention them: In my mother's work-basket, in her other work-basket, in her darn-stocking-bag, in eight of her bureau drawers, in six cracks of the floor up garret, in the ashes pail, all over eight floors (crawling), in the cookie pot, in my mother's pocket, in the baby's cradle, in the apple barrel, on four top shelves, on seventeen other shelves, in the spoon-holder, in ten of my father's pockets, in fourteen of my big brother's pockets, in two of my little brother's pockets, in four of my pockets, on six mantelpieces, in the waste basket, in my sister's doll-house, in her bureau drawer, in the bed-clothes chest, in my mother's trunk, in four of my sister's pockets; and all the time my knife was in my trousers leg, down at the foot of the trousers leg, inside the outside part of the trousers leg, back of the lining of it.

One time when I found my knife I was so glad that I will tell you about that knife. One day I had a new knife. I never had such a pretty one. It had a white handle, and 'twas a two-bladed. It was as good as a man's knife. All the fellows wanted to see it, and they thought 'twas a first-rate knife. It had "J. S." on the handle. I was so careful of it that I wanted to keep hold of it when 'twas in my pocket; and I kept sitting down and taking it out to see it. My uncle who had been gone five years brought it to me. When I got that knife, not quite two days, there was a little hole in my pocket, a little bit of a hole. It wasn't as big round as the end of my little finger—not where it begins to be big any. I wasn't as big as a little white bean. I don't think it was as big as a pea. I think it was about as big as a quarter of a pea. No fellow would think a knife could get through that hole. But I kept it away from that hole. I put things in between, and I kept putting my hand

in to touch my knife. Well, I played round a good while, and then I played "I spy," and we had to run everywhere; and next thing I knew I put my hand in my pocket and my knife was gone! and my finger went right through that hole! not just exactly the same one, for that little one had grown a big one. My mother said that my knife rubbed and wore the hole out bigger. Nobody could find that knife. A long time after I lost it I stubbed my toe and fell down in the field, and my hand hit something in some grass, and I looked there, and there was my knife, "J. S." on the handle. I was not glad I found it. I was sorry. It most made me cry. It was all rusty and black, and you could not start the blade one mite to make it come open. My father tried to. I never wanted to see it again, and I dug a deep hole and buried it up. I know the spot, and every time I go by there I think of that knife.

Once there was a boy lost his knife and all the boys knew it, and they helped him hunt for it; and when it was found about three days ago, he went huckleberrying with another boy and he let his basket fall down amongst the huckleberry bushes and spilled about a double-handful—and that was about all he had—and when he was looking amongst the huckleberry bushes trying to pick up his huckleberries, he found the other boy's knife. I mean that boy that lost his knife—and he knew 'twas that boy's knife just as well as he wanted to know, but he kept it private (Grown), and he kept the knife out of sight, and nobody knew he'd got it for about six weeks; and one day when there'd been a circus and the boys were all standing on their heads, that knife dropped out of that boy's pocket when he was standing on his head, and then a little fellow picked it up, and another fellow, one that had gone over sideways when he was standing on his head, saw it, and knew whose knife it was in a minute (Applause). And the boy was so ashamed that he cried. He told the one that lost his knife where he found it, and all the fellows looked at him so. I mean looked at the one that found it—that he kept away from playing with the boys for a long time. And when any fellow lost his knife the other ones would tell him he'd better look in that fellow's pocket. I mean the one's pocket that found the knife. Ladies and gentlemen, many thanks for your kind attention. (Applause).

### One Step at a Time.

I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Vispach Valley to a height of 10,000 feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, "Oh, it will require but one step at a time!" Before sunset I stood on the summit, enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Prof. Tyndall was the first man to discover by taking one step at a time.

Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this in mind. When the famous Arago was a school-boy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of a textbook a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was: "Go on, sir, go on." "That little sentence," says Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily, until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

### Education of Poor Girls in Russia.

The most important step recently taken in Russian education is the institution of a special school for the instruction of the daughters of the poorer class of Russians. Middle-class education is already well provided for by private institutions and the public gymnasiums. For the elementary education of women, however, the existing arrangements are by no means perfect. The fewness of the elementary schools, uniting, so to speak, the primary and middle educational establishments, has led parents belonging to the less wealthy state of society to resort to their children to the gymnasiums, whereas, in the greater number of cases the pupils thus placed find themselves not only without the requisite capacity for the programme peculiar to these middle-class institutions, but also hindered by poverty from completing a successful course of study. As a matter of fact, very few of these young persons ever pass the examinations prescribed. They often leave the gymnasiums without knowing Russia correctly, or being able to work an arithmetical sum without error.

To supply the want caused by this state of things, a new school of a special type for girls from nine to eleven years old has been founded, under the patronage of the Empress. The course of study will include religion, the Russian language, elements of natural history, calligraphy, drawing, singing, music and needlework; and the term of study will extend over a period of four years.—*London Times*.

### Cold Feet.

The more direct cause of the coldness of the feet may be the absence of a good circulation of the blood, the warm blood from the heart failing to reach the extremities. This is often aggravated by tight bands, small boots and the like, interfering with this circulation. It is often true, also, that the blood is withdrawn from the feet by active brain labor, demanding unusual supply for the brain. It may be that some have too little physical exercise to favor a good circulation; that is a good rule. "To keep the head cool by temperance in all things, the feet warm by exercise, and the conscience void of offense toward God and man."

The warmth of the feet may be promoted by the removal of these obstructions to the circulation, by due exercise, in most cases. In difficult cases, it is well to "soak the feet," at night in warm water, removing them and dashing on a little cold water—to quicken the circulation—which is to be followed by a thorough rubbing with a crash, securing a glow of heat. The daily use of the flesh-brush, in the winter, is a good substitute for the daily bath, adopted by the cleanly.—*Gouveneur*.



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